

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



Christmas
Number

VOL. LVII

DECEMBER, 1937

No. 2

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M. S. ROSENBAUM

Christmas Supplement, December, 1937

Latin School Register

The Literary Journal.

VOL. I. LATIN SCHOOL, BOSTON, MAY 9, 1829. No. I.

PROSPECTUS.

The projectors of this paper candidly confess that they were partly urged to their undertaking by the example of other schools in Massachusetts. But this is not their only reason—they are actuated by a belief in its utility, as exciting each other to intellectual exertion and improvement. In this age of letters, when books and authors multiply by a most frightful ratio, we cannot aspire to add any thing of value to the huge, accumulated mass of literature. Neither can we hope to instruct, when the means of instruction are so intimately traced out and so widely diffused. But though we may not tower into sublimity we hope at least, not to descend into absolute dulness: and if our writings be commendable for nothing else, they most surely will be for their brevity. Our object in thus appearing in print, is rather to defend ourselves from the imputation of want of spirit and enterprise, than to acquire fame; each desire is equally stimulant to exertion. Our undertaking, it is presumed, will not interfere with weightier pursuits, as only that time *need* be devoted to it, which is free from the avocations of school. The subscription term will end the third week in August next, and the paper published successively, every Saturday, till that time; the publication of it will then be dropped unless the succeeding first class may choose to continue it. A word to our correspondents,

and we have done—No piece will be admitted that is or was not, *bona fide*, the production of a member of the school. We would confine our contributors to no particular kind of composition—any piece will be acceptable—provided it be *short and sweet*.

Editors.

A TALE.

"Murder! thieves! robbers! murder!" ejaculated a long, lank apology for a man in black clothes, whilst an unarmed philosophical-looking vagabond was gently disencumbering him on the highway of his watch, spectacles, and other portable articles. At that moment a young man on horseback rode up and the foot-pad snatching up his booty darted into the adjoining wood; but Edward Ellis had been too long accustomed to field sports to be thus eluded. Springing from his horse, he gave chase, and soon overtook the daring highwayman. "Deliver what you have stolen," cried he, seizing him by the collar and giving him a nervous shake. "Ha, is it you, Dick Wetherall? I fear, it will prove true at last, as the old dames of the village used to prophesy, that you will end your life on the gallows." "Thank heaven! I am in safe hands," exclaimed Dick returning what he had stolen: "if it had been any one else, like as not, he would have been inhuman enough to deliver me over to prison." "And how do you know that I shall not?" said the other, "it is certainly my duty." "Ah! Sir, I am not at present on good terms with the judge," replied the son of mischief, "he may recollect my face." "You are free, Dick Wetherall, you are free for old acquaintance sake; but would it not be well to leave off this course of life, and become an honest man?" "Sir, I *am* an honest man, and my manner of life is that, which I find most delightful." So saying he disappeared among the thick trees and Ellis returned to the place where he had left his horse. He beheld the lank thin

visaged gentleman above introduced, sitting on a stone by the way-side and apparently in deep thought. "Here is your property, sir which I have recovered," said he approaching. "Walt one moment, and I will attend to you sir," replied the absorbed author;

"The cannon's smoke rolls upward to the clouds,
And the red field of battle, twilight shrouds."

"There, sir, is the end of the twentieth canto of my Wasbingtoniad; and now accept my gratitude for protecting me in this solitary place. I bad like to have been deprived not only of my watch and spectacles, but even of this invaluable manuscript, the labor of twenty years. Allow me then to show my gratitude to you, by permitting you to peruse it before publication." "I would decline the favor at present," said Edward, and bidding the astonished poetaster "Adieu!" he mounted his horse, and rode away.

* * * * &c.

It was not many years after this, that Edward was travelling through one of the Western States, where he was an utter stranger. He was still at a distance from any habitation, and the night was rapidly advancing. On a sudden the death-like silence of his journey was broken by a low, shrill cry, which seemed to proceed from some distance ahead. Edward felt the peril of his situation and grasping his pistols in his hand, endeavored to urge on his horse to his utmost speed. But the tired beast was unable to second his efforts, and soon relapsed into his former slow pace. The heart of Edward had been struck with horror at what he had heard, but, after he had got recovered from the first shock, he determined to leave his horse, and make all haste to the spot, whence the voice proceeded. It was not long, before he beheld that which he had feared, the body of a man apparently dead. Thinking that life might not yet be extinct, he used every endeavor to restore him, but his efforts were not crowned with success. He was obliged to leave him, and having found his horse, to continue his lonely journey. After some time he arrived at the next village, and, having requested to see a magistrate, he related to him what he had seen and heard. Men were immediately sent out to find the body, and returned to the house, where he had taken up his temporary abode. The next morning he was told a man desired to see him, and surprised and terrified, was showed a war-

rant authorizing him to be committed to prison, for the murder of William Jonson. The body had been claimed by one of the most important persons in the village as that of his son, a dissipated youth, who had the whole previous night been absent from home. The father actuated by the feelings of nature, was determined to obtain justice against him, whom he supposed the murderer. As for Edward, he did not doubt but he should be able to establish his innocence. The day of trial was approaching, and by degrees he grew more anxious as to the result. He thought of his aged parents, and shuddered at the idea, that if he was condemned, they might hear of his infamy. But though these thoughts would sometimes intrude, it was but seldom; for he relied upon the justice of his cause. The day of trial arrived; fatal to all his hopes, he was condemned to death. His pistol which he had dropped near the body of the murdered man had been found; and this circumstance, which he had entirely forgotten, added to the rest, was thought sufficient to condemn him. He was sentenced to be executed the next day at noon. Affected as he was, he endeavoured to move the compassion of his judges by reminding them of his friendless situation, but he found it impossible. Convinced at last of the futility of such efforts, he resolved to bear his cruel fate with calmness. At the appointed hour he ascended the scaffold, and after having once more declared his innocence, prepared to give the accustomed signal, when a tumult arose among the bystanders, and the cries of "stop! stop!" were uttered in a harsh, dry voice. A man rushed forward, it was Dick Wetherall; and declared himself the murderer. Edward was released; but his joy at his own escape was damped by the danger of his preserver; though he supposed Dick was innocent, and would not unprovoked have taken another's life. It was with joy then, he heard his story; that he had been attacked by Jonson with a knife, and killed him in preservation of his own life. Still however he could produce no witness, and Edward began to be alarmed for him, when to the astonishment of all, their old friend the poet arriving at the village, offered himself as witness. He had been a spectator of the whole, safely hid in the bushes, though half-dead with fright. Since then he had been immersed in his stud-

ies, till at last he had luckily heard from some quarter the danger of Dick. His testimony was sufficient, to procure his release, and Dick in gratitude offered him his house for a home, for he had since obtained some property by the death of an Uncle. The invitation was accepted, and the poet determined to pass the rest of his life in publishing and correcting his works. As for Edward, he returned home, but not till he had promised to visit them often. He kept his word, and, whenever he came, the two friends were treated in the evening with an extract from the manuscript of the poet, who, as he read it, would kindly point out and enlarge upon its peculiar beauties.

LINDEN.

EXTRACTS

From Letters written in St. Petersburg.
No. 1. *May, 1828.*

When we arrived at Cronstadt the weather was cold and disagreeable but the transition to excessive heat has been very sudden. In less than a week the face of nature has entirely changed: the green grass has sprung up and the trees put forth leaves, unrestrained by the slow gradations of spring. Cronstadt is a small island, but extremely well fortified; it is the principal station of the Russian navy; and all vessels drawing more than eight feet water are obliged to discharge their cargoes here. The custom-house officers are strict to absurdity: not even a small bundle of clothes can escape their inspection. No books can be carried on shore, until they have been examined: this precaution is taken for fear there should be any passages in them tending to awaken a sense of liberty among the people. I was not allowed to carry with me Scott's Napoleon; after staying a day at the above mentioned place, we obtained passports and went on board the steamboat for Petersburg; it was crowded with samples from all nations of the globe. After a pleasant sail of three hours, we came in sight of the great Russian capital; from the water, it does not appear so handsome as as you might have imagined, but you are amply recompensed for your first disappointment by an after survey of this splendid city. One of the great beauties and conveniences of Petersburg consists in its canals, which intersect it in all directions and are very wide and magnificent. Arched bridges frequently cross

them, some of which are made wholly of iron. On account of their canals, the inhabitants are not troubled by the tremendous rattling of carts. The streets are very wide and regular—the houses spacious and mostly built of brick covered with stucco. Police officers are stationed day and night, in various parts of the city, so that disturbances are of rare occurrence. The Russians are frequently apt to mistake the property of others for their own; this foible when not detected they consider, like the Spartans of old, as reflecting honour on their adroitness. Passing through the street called the Grand Perspective, I observed almost every passenger stop short before the great Kazan Church, take of his hat and touch his forehead and either side of his breast, bowing all the time with most persevering assiduity. After continuing this ceremony a few minutes they would pass on. The Kazan church is a most stupendous and magnificent structure within there are no seats to recline on—the whole assembly either stand, or kneel, or prostrate themselves at full length on the marble floor. The roof is supported by a number of huge pillars of solid granite, which have a fine polish and are incredibly large in circumference. It is perhaps the richest church in Europe; in the middle is a large altar of solid silver and the holy utensils are studded with the most brilliant diamonds. The Russians mercifully think that every one will go to heaven, but they will have the best place there. They are very superstitious and their priests dress most fantastically. Almost every evening the bells chime very harmoniously: that beautiful song of Moore's beginning

"Those evening bells—those evening bells &c."

will give you an idea of their effect.

Our President* John Q. Adams is much spoken of and respected here; his message has been translated into Russ and his character highly applauded in the imperial journals. The Europeans seem to look on our country with an observant eye and deep interest; "your government" say they "is a grand, unprecedented experiment—we shall see whether it fails." Russia is making great advances in literature: and perhaps the time may come when her rich and energetic language will be studied by other nations for the sake of its original productions; some of the works of our own authors, Cooper and Irving have already been translated into it. The "Specimens of Russian Poets"

by Bowring are certainly very fine, but it is said they are inferior to the originals.

*The reader will remember that this was written last May.

POETRY.

MUSINGS.

Ah ! yes, I once was happy too,
As gay as gay could be ;
No sorrow then had pierced my breast,
But all was joy with me.

Unheeded time roll'd swiftly by,
On it no thought I cast ;
Days, weeks and months but moments
seem'd,
As in their flight they pass'd.

All then was pleasure sweet as morn,
No grief intruded there ;
But life was one bright scene of joy,
Without an earthly care.

But Fortune wrought a change at last,
And frown'd in anger wild ;
My pleasure all was turn'd to woe,
And now I'm sorrow's child.

Misfortunes gather'd round me fast,
Friends fled as troubles came ;
And when afflictions were my lot,
Forgotten was my name.

But one remain'd who yet was true,
A being faithful, kind ;
Who shared with me in all the griefs,
Which prey'd upon my mind.

She did not seem a being form'd
On this dark earth to stay,
But like some heav'nly angel sent,
To cheer my lonely way.

But ah ! that cruel tyrant Death,
Had mark'd her for his own ;
He aimed his dread, unerring dart,
And I am left alone.

No pleasure now lives in this breast,
No joy is known to me,
I have lost all that once was dear,
All that can ever be.

My way is lone and wretched now,
No friend my soul to cheer ;
I've none to tell my sorrows to,
But all is dark and drear. CASC.

YOUTH.

The days of youth ! the days of youth !
When hope is strong and high ;
When the heart is fill'd with warmth—and
truth
Beams from the laughing eye !

When on the pure and sunny brow,
Which childhood loves to wear,
The world has not yet dared to sow
The seeds of grief or care !

When visions of eternal bliss,
Of love without controul,
Of every pure delight that is,
Inspire the ardent soul !

The days of youth ! alas, alas !
It fills the eye with tears,
To deem that 'tis their lot to pass
In a few, fleeting years !

That all those visions cherished so,
So trusted, one by one,
Must melt away, as melts the snow
Before the noonday sun. Q. A.

ODE.

Oh thou ! who fill'st our daily papers
With matters most prolix ;
Oh waster of so many tapers,
Goddess of Politics !

Although no temple to thy praise
In ancient times was reared ;
No altar in the Roman's days,
To thee or thine appeared—

Yet now thou dost, though still unseen,
Pervade and rule our land ;
And scatterest hate and strife 'mongst men,
With mischief-bringing hand.

Tis thine to forge base calumnies,
To send forth vile abuse,
To make friends, bitter enemies,
And social ties to loose.

Great source of discord and misrule !
Pleased with the strife of men ;
Oh ! may I never be thy tool,
Ne'er may'st thou guide my pen.

AUDITOR.

LITERARY.

Captain Basil Hall's travels in the United States, are announced by the English papers as in the press. It may be remembered, this gentleman and his lady visited the Latin School a year or two ago.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. & R. S. are inadmissible.
We have received a letter from some one requesting us to have all our Latin quotations translated into *proper English*; we may follow his advice.

The pieces for our next number must be handed in by Monday.

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Dear Mr. Wenners:

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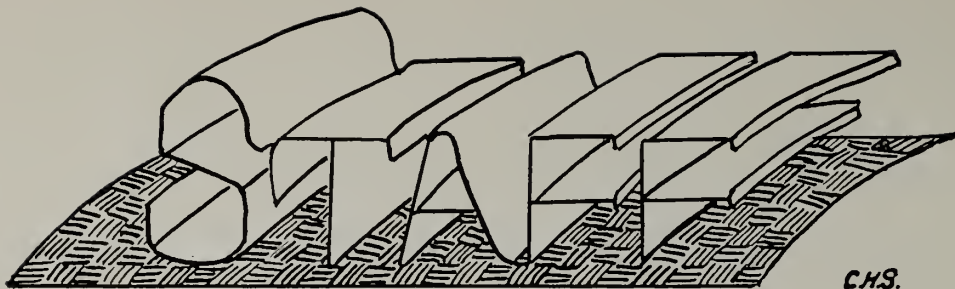
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HEAR YE AND HEED YE

This is a warning mainly to members of Classes I and II. The first school month has flashed by like lightning. To some it has been successful; we hope you are included in this class. Others have found the going rather "tough". Remember that the marks on your report card are what you earn, and, in a few cases, five or ten points more than you deserve.

From now on, the months will pass by in leaps and bounds. October will change to November, November will change to December, and so on until May passes into June. June brings to our mind the thought of college boards, and the boards remind us of college.

The object of the Boards is not to find out what you have learned during the months of May and June; quite to the contrary, the Examiners endeavor to find what you have remembered of the instruction given during the entire year. Therefore, it will be too late to begin to "cram" in the latter part of June. You must begin to study seriously RIGHT NOW!!!

Remember, "tempus fugit!!" Already it's "second down and six to go!"

P. R. L. '38

WANTED—PROMISING YOUNG MEN

When this issue reaches you, the call for track candidates will have already been posted.

Chances for a successful season seem fairly good. Although only five letter-men were lost by graduation, Class B and the field division throughout are noticeably weak. Yet the abundance of veterans—Martin, Crowley, Burke, Cameron, Rowen, Frank, Connolly, Ellis, Mover and Ajemian—offsets this weakness somewhat.

Each year only a small number of candidates reports. Yet Latin is represented consistently by a better than average aggregation. Why is it that some other schools have teams twice the size of ours? Is it because the scholars from B. L. S. indulge more in study? Is it because we lack the desire for competitive sport? No, I think the reason the response is so meagre is that the fellows, especially those in Classes III and IV, do not know what opportunities track offers. Perhaps they do not realize the better opportunity afforded everyone by the manner in which meets in the Boston schools are conducted.

There are four age-divisions, limiting those who compete in Classes A, B, C, and D respectively. Class D consists of all boys who had not reached their 15th birthday before September 1st; Class C of those 15, but not yet 16; B, of those who were 16; and A is made up of all 17 and over. In Class D there are four running events: the 50-yard, the 176-yard, and the 220-yard dashes and the 50-yard hurdles. In C the races are the 50- and the 220-yard dashes, the "440", and the hurdles. In Class B they consist of 50- and 300-yard dashes, the "600", and the hurdles. A is the same as B, with the "1000" an added event. It is evident by the large variety of races that if a boy can run at all, there is an event to suit him.

In every meet there are also field events: shot-put, standing broad jump, and the running high jump. Thus, if you are a little too "heavy" to run, you may have the ability to put the shot, or perhaps you may find that you have jumping ability. The team is not picked by the coach; anyone who is eligible (three passing marks) may compete. As everybody has an equal chance both to earn his "L" and have some fun, let's see a team large enough to compete successfully with English.

H. V. Keefe

REGISTER PRIZE CONTEST

To that undergraduate—not on the Literary Staff—who submits the best contribution in each classification listed below, the *Register* will award prizes as stated:

1. Short story with serious theme—ten (10) dollars.
2. Short story or essay humorous in tone—ten (10) dollars.
3. Editorial or special article on subject connected with Latin School—ten (10) dollars.
4. Poem serious in tone—ten (10) dollars.
5. Original humorous poetry—ten (10) dollars.

RULES

All contributions must be typed or written legibly in ink on only one side of paper (10½ x 8) and must be submitted to Mr. Marson, Room 235, on or before January 17, 1938.

Contests are also being sponsored by the "Open Road for Boys" and the Massachusetts Tuberculosis League. For details on these, see the main bulletin board opposite the office.

FOR DISCIPLINE

More than once in recent times, we have read newspaper articles concerning parents who earnestly oppose military drill as it is practiced in public schools. They say that it teaches our youth to become war-conscious, to yearn after battle; that it is useless as a form of exercise; that it is a waste of time; that it encourages the officers to bully their subordinates; and countless other arguments. These people are usually the so-called "conscientious objectors." Although I don't know just how much exercise drill affords, I take issue with everything else they say. Moreover, I unconditionally condemn the person who would not unhesitatingly take up arms to preserve his country, no matter what the cause of its being embroiled in a dispute. (Anyone object?) However, that is neither here nor there. What I meant to point out was that compulsory military drill, while it once might have been intended for training us in the use of arms, today is used primarily to teach us the use of discipline.

Discipline. Well, I finally got around to it. Among the well-known Latin School traditions is its supposedly harsh, severe discipline. All "good boys" and Seniors will tell you that, if not a myth, this is greatly exaggerated by outsiders and hysterical mothers of habitual five-mark-at-a-time rascals. At other schools (I could name some), where the only punishment is to "stay after school," the conduct of the pupils and their attitude toward their teachers is—well, shameful. Of course, there is always the inevitable exception, but the well-known gentlemanly behavior of the Latin School boy is due, in part at least, to the *helpful* discipline he receives. Some may put forth the obviously silly argument that he is made somewhat timid, given an inferiority complex, by "intimidation." They infer that his spirit is broken, but they realize just how foolish it would sound to put it so strongly. I would like them to see a Class I room at recess hour some day. All that they would find would be a gang of fellows making noise and having a "rousing good time." They would see the same thing in any room, but I mentioned Class I because such a visitor might notice that these boys know just how far they can go. They would change their mind about "timidity." They would say, "No inhibition there!" and go away.

I do not mean to say that the misdemeanor mark is a harmless thing, something to be ignored. In the hands of a skilled user, it is a wonderful curb upon boisterous-

ness, but used by the over-enthusiastic amateur, it can not only wreak havoc, but also create new discontentment, and thus real misdemeanors. In this connection, it is as interesting to watch the progress of a new teacher as that of a new pupil. By the time he has become a senior master, he gives a misdemeanor mark "once in a blue moon." This is not entirely his own handiwork, however. The student, too, in his limited time, has been progressing in character. At first he is a "greenhorn." He giggles, whispers, tosses wads of gum at the necks of his classmates, commits a hundred and one minor indiscretions. For all these, he gets marked—and marked—and marked. He climbs a little further in the world. Still whispers, still throws his wads of gum, but waits until teacher isn't looking. Yes, a transformation is gradually taking place. A little later he begins to take time out to devise ingenious excuses for whatever emergencies may arise. Then, he adopts the professional attitude of innocence. And lo, after a while, he reaches Class I—we hope. By this time, he knows the limits of his freedom to a hair's breadth. Becoming a regular "sea-lawyer," he meets his teachers on their own stamping ground, quoting counter-rule for rule, dwelling on infinitesimal technicalities, until the teacher is either too tired, or too kind to inflict punishment. Of course, there is always the fellow who is either too stupid or too childish to drop a propensity for committing flagrant breaches of discipline. He will always collect the misdemeanor mark of the week, and will collect Life's bruises until he decides on a change of method.

And Life's bruises are my climax. For our system of discipline teaches our boys to go out and meet the world with a wisdom in human relations, to recognize the rights of others, to get along with them. It shows us the advantage of knowing our real place in the scheme of things, of understanding the necessity of keeping within the bounds of society.

R. W. Alman, '38

THE "SHARK'S" PREDICAMENT

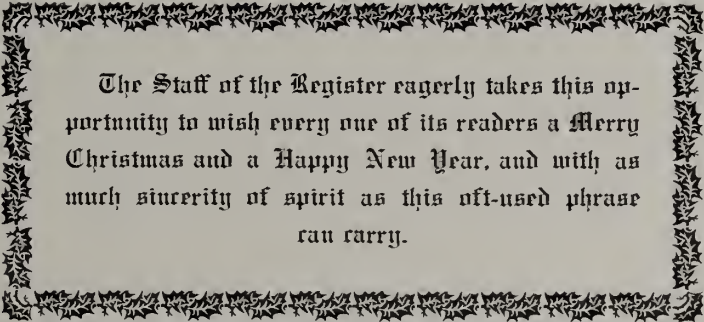
That little monthly reminder of success and failure, producer of much joy and sorrow, often gives rise to envy and anger. In every section, there are boys who consistently receive higher marks than their classmates. These, in the vernacular of Boston Latin School, are the "sharks." To them, the issuance of report cards is an occurrence anticipated with gaiety, not distress; with light-heartedness, not a darkening of the spirit. Their marks inevitably seem most admirable to the other students. Please permit me to enlighten you concerning the "shark's" true position. Actually, it is rather unenviable; his high marks often are not worth the price.

A "shark" must study; there's no getting away from it. Granted that, in particular instances, he may study less than his fellows, he, nevertheless, has to uphold high standards and even seek improvement. Whatever amount of work he does put in must be done conscientiously, night after night, without ever shirking. Not for him are there layoffs, or days of absence from school. Furthermore, he is constantly under a greater strain from competition than that which inferior pupils experience. The view of top place in his class always within reach induces the "shark" to strive after it all the harder. Fellow students compare standings and comment upon his ranking. Masters, also, note the "honor men"; expect more from them; and, often, treat them more strictly. It is almost impossible for him to

turn back, to let his marks slip, to become a mediocre student. Pressure would be applied at home: the proud parents, having once seen their beloved son lead his class, could not bear having him lose that position. Pressure would be applied at school: the teachers, having once seen him make honor marks, would expect continual repetition of the process. Besides, he would lose the respect of his fellows: boys do hold a certain, jealous, begrudged respect for "sharks," a respect which they love to feel is unfounded. And, if none of these powerful forces prevailed upon him, there would still remain his own conscience and self-respect urging him on to equal and surpass previous performances.

Then, there is the necessity of what may be termed "isolation." Because of his faithful study, the "shark" cannot mingle constantly with other boys; therefore, he may be ejected from the group entirely. His fellows, sensing their inferiority at school, try to make up for it on the athletic field. When he notices his relative failure in sports, the "shark" often becomes discouraged, seeks refuge in activities where he excels, buries himself in books. On the other hand, if triumphs in the classroom have increased the angle of elevation of his external olfactory organ, his society will be everywhere undesirable. He develops interests not at all conducive to sociability; interests tending toward an introversion augmented by the years. All this occurs during the formative period of a boy's life, the adolescent stage. Even if he should spend afternoons in play, the "shark's" evening study deprives him of sufficient sleep, thus impairing his health. Nor is the nervous strain contributive to good health. Although study may not tax his brain excessively, there is the added burden of highly developed competition and the fact that his outside interests are likely to be of an intellectual nature. Not a few "sharks" have suffered nervous breakdowns.

Hence, do not envy this miserable fellow. His position is far from being as desirable as many would have it. The boy, getting only fair marks, who also participates in extra-curricular activities really derives the most benefit from his school career. Social life, learning to get along with others, good fellowship are more important than any studies possibly could be.



The Staff of the Register eagerly takes this opportunity to wish every one of its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and with as much sincerity of spirit as this oft-used phrase can carry.



Because of the number of exchanges, we shall have to skip most and quote bits of the best.

From "Huskings," one of the most interesting columns of the *Northeastern News*, we give you *Applied Geometry*:

"Theorem: If you love your girl, your girl loves you.

Given: You love your girl.

To prove: Your girl loves you.

1. All the world loves a lover—Shakespeare.

2. Your girl is the world to you—Evident.

3. Hence your girl equals the world—Axiom 1.

4. Therefore your girl loves a lover—Axiom 2.

5. You are a lover—Evident.

6. Therefore your girl loves you."

... Q. E. D.
* * *

From the excellently-written story, "The School Camera at Stonehenge," by Charles Morse, appearing in the *High School of Commerce Tradesman*, comes the following description concerning the cave men: "They saw the light of the false dawn come and go, the lark breaking into song above, the ghostly outriding warning star, the first faint glowing tints warming the horizon, the early mist rising, the slow illumination of the Plain."

* * *

We were especially impressed by the poem in the *St. Mark's Vindex*, "Season on the River" by John M. Bowers. The following stanza is reprinted:

"And yet on the river

Now in November

The buck, well grown from fawn,

Dips his antlers to the cold, gray
Water on an icy day,
When his hoof-print cuts the snow,
And leaves the lawn undented.
He drinks unhurried,
Bold creature!"

* * *

Ruth Kelleher shows one method of improving English marks in her article, "Literary Niceties," in the *Dorchester High School for Girls Item*. She first gives a sentence in the words that we commonly use and then in the words of a great writer. These are three examples: "Everybody gives something to the advancement of civilization.—'Civilization is a pyramid to which each man contributes a grain of sand.' (C. Pollock)."
"The storm broke around them.—'Tiger-like, the storm leaped, bandying them about in its paws like captive mice.' (T. Wood)."
"In the candlelight she thought of the hardships of the past years.—'Amid the solitude and soft quiet of the winged candlelight, her memory winged its way back across the cruel years.' (D. Carnegie)."

* * *

It is rather gratifying to notice that so many former Latin School boys are writing for their school magazines. It shows they have good spirit, wherever they go.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following school publications:

THE BOSTONIAN, Roxbury Memorial High School for Boys, Boston.

THE IMP, Brighton High School, Boston.

THE NORTH STAR, Wichita High School North, Wichita, Kansas.

THE HUNTINGTON RECORD,
Huntington School, Boston.

THE RED AND BLACK, Dorchester
High School for Boys, Boston.

THE REGIS, Regis High School, New
York, N. Y.

THE SAGAMORE, Brookline High
School, Brookline, Mass.

THE SHUTTLE, High School of

Practical Arts, Boston.

THE ULULA, Manchester Grammar
School, Manchester, England.

* * *

"All the world's a stage and most of us
do nothing else than push the scenery."
(Colby Echo, Colby College, Me.)

Milton W. Hamilt, '38

SCHOOL NOTES

NOTING DOINGS

The Music Appreciation Club is planning an Amateur Show for the school. As yet, it's all very indefinite; still, it wouldn't do any harm if all you Crosbys, Goodmans, and Bennys would start practicing now. . . . Allen Scher is driving Latin candid-camera fans crazy with envy because of that swell camera he has. . . . From all accounts, Sec'y "Rube" Brown of the Math Club delivered a marvelous first lecture. The proof of its excellence lies in the fact that nobody (including Rube himself, we suspect) knew what he was talking about. . . . Room 304 gave Mr. Winslow his just desserts (raspberry flavor) when they exceeded Room 335's Red Cross contribution. 335 was leading, but when Mr. Winslow chose to boast to Room 304, the boys came thru nobly to spoil Mr. Winslow's day.

* * *

FACULTY AND ALUMNI NOTES..

Mr. Hobbs proudly asserts that he has visited Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, "umpty-nine" times. . . . We wonder if anyone has ever been bold enough to tell the truth in answer to Mr. Dunn's eternal query: "Do you follow me? . . . Mr. Bourgeois found this mess on a paper he was correcting: "Comon

tale vue." (What kind of a how-do-you-do is that?) . . . Mr. Shea, it is said, served for a while in the Navy . . . Mayor-Elect Tobin gives a great deal of credit to our Mr. G. B. Cleary as a contributing factor in his rapid climb to success. . . . M. Reiser of Roxbury, a freshman at the University of Vermont, has recently been pledged to the Phi Sigma Delta fraternity. . . . The Delta Lambda chapter of Sigma Nu fraternity at Brown University has pledged William M. Hunt '40, son of Mrs. Muriel M. Hunt of Commonwealth Ave., Boston. Hunt entered Brown from the Boston Public Latin School. . . . "Joe" Schulman of the class of '37 has organized a club of last year's graduates with Mel Pollard as President. . . . From Brown University: Joseph I. Cooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Cooper of 25 Mt. Alvernia Rd., Newton, Mass., has been admitted as a specially qualified student to study for English honors under the university's special Honors Program for high ranking students. Also Robert M. Simon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham E. Simon of 66 Verndale St., Brookline, Mass., honors in Medical Sciences. These boys are also on the Dean's list, with Alexander Kantor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kantor of 182 Cambridge St., Boston, Mass.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Oct. 18: The future greats of the foot-light world, the Dramatic Club, met in room 106.

Oct. 19: Ho hum, the Glee Club met today. How can one sleep?

Oct. 20: RED LETTER DAY. First report card. ONLY seven more to go.

Oct. 21: Lest Frank do us bodily harm, we mention a meeting of Ye Musicke Appreciation Clubbe. . . . Heard among the miscellaneous: "Boy, have I got a sweet corridor patrol—right near the candy counter."

Oct. 22: Perhaps the bewildered little water-boy should have had a guide. He ran over to the Mechanics team with his *aqua pura*. Incidentally, the score was 19-0 for Latin.

Oct. 25: Mr. Bowker—"It may be Geometry on Tuesday and Thursday, and Algebra on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, but it's still Math every day." Contributions on this subject will be welcomed in Room 334. (adv.) . . . The declaimers clamored in the Hall today for the benefit of Classes IV, V, VI, and they did pretty well considering how unaccustomed they were to public shrieking.

Oct. 26: Glee Club met today in the Assembly Hall. A cry of anguish from the projection room, and Mr. Hopkinson's

remark, "'S matter, we haven't begun to sing yet!"

Oct. 27: "Quiet," orders Captain McBournie, "I want to hear your arches fall." (Private, put that knife away.)

Oct. 28: Upon seeing a senior and a sixth classman side by side, a certain visitor remarked, "Great blokes from little acorns grow."

Oct. 29: *Registers* came out today. The Fourth Classmen can't see why they should buy any more issues. They work on the theory, "if you've seen one, you've seen them all."

Nov. 1: The catalogue proofs arrived with the usual misspelling of our name.

. . . Swartz held forth at the Literary Club meeting on Galsworthy's plays.

Nov: 2: "Much ado about nothing": The R. R. R.'s tried to steal each other's little black notebooks at the meeting of the Literary staff today.

Nov. 3: Those to whom the Assembly Hall is not a soporific, (subtle, eh?), heard Mrs. Parker urging all artists to contribute their works to the Junior Red Cross.

Nov. 4: Boston Latin teams B and C—38, B. S. High—0. Hail Dempsey! For particulars read the Sport Section (adv.)

Nov. 5: Boy, are we stuck up? Reason? Stamp Club.

Nov. 8: For four years the Colonel has told us that the sergeant in the famous "Sergeant vs. Beetle" story, after being bitten by the beetle, has pulled through after a hard fight. Now, for variety's sake, he tells us the sergeant died. (What has happened to Latin School tradition? What has really happened to the sergeant? What, oh what has happened to the beetle?) To be continued next year.

Nov. 9: We were warmly welcomed into the Art Club today until we displayed our sketches.

Nov. 10: Armistice Day exercises took place in the Hall. The mighty warriors with whom we battle for our monthly

marks were lined up on the stage and heartily applauded.

Nov. 11: Praise be to the Allies for making their Armistice on a week day.

Nov. 15: Stone spoke to the Literary Club on current drama.

Nov. 16: At Assembly today, Mr. Weners asked for his pound of flesh from each Senior. Exactly \$1.60. (Neither can we give him the pound of flesh.)

Nov. 17: Latin once more defeated Commerce for the championship of Avenue Louis Pasteur. It seems to have developed into an old story.

Nov. 18: *Register* souvenir issue of 1829 (oldest school paper) will be offered to all those who have paid at least two quarters toward their regular *Register* subscription. Not that it af-

fects Ye R. R. R. at all. He can still take his puns from the 1830 issue.

Nov. 19: Marks close today. Did we flunk? Oh, but definitely.

Nov. 24: Nee and Foley were the guests of honor at the mass meeting held in the Hall at 2.00 P. M. . . . Note: The cheer cards seem to have acquired quite a coat of tan.

Nov. 25: Latin and English battled to a scoreless tie in their annual Turkey Day classic. Mr. Powers' hope was realized in as much as the Latin cheering section outcheered their friendly rivals.

Nov. 26: Amid the acrid fumes of cigar smoke the football heroes and their "fayre ladies" (someone just said there weren't any) tripped the light fantastic.

The R. Raving R.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Many of the former Latin School stars are being featured at Eastern colleges? The list includes "Bill" Histon at Holy Cross, "Joe" Nee and Frank Foley at Harvard, "Joe" Finklestein at Brown, "Jerry" O'Call: 1 at Boston College, and "Dan" Dacey at Dartmouth. . . . In 1889, Boston Latin played a practice football game with Tufts College and won, 6-0? . . . The Statue of Alma Mater on the first floor is more remarkable than most of us ever guessed? It was decreed when it was placed there that it might not put the wreath down until a senior who hasn't run for an office walks past it? (The wreath is still there). . . . In 1900, prize declamation was held in Tremont Temple? . . . There were only 915 students in Latin School in 1914? . . . Among the track events in the nineties were rope-climbing, fence-vault, and high-kick? . . . More than sixty seniors took

out nomination papers for the Class One offices? . . . In 1908, the record time for a scholastic mile was 5.22? This is almost a minute slower than the record today. . . . In the street parade of 1889 and for many years afterwards the cadets wore white gloves? . . . Most of the horde that ran for class committee did not know what the duties of that office are? . . . A young sixth-classman was hurt while jumping in the yard during the second week of school? He severely sprained his ankle. . . . Many unfortunate football fans have lost their books under the bleachers at the National League Ball Park? . . . I thank the printer for the periods on this page? What a space filler? . . . "Phil" Jackson of Class II actually threatened me if I didn't mention his name? Oh, don't cross this out, Mr. Marson. He's big!

Robert Aronson, '38

THE WAR

There seems to be nothing which can avert
 strife—
 Over lands where petty leaders
 Rule in constant fear of man,
 Clouds of dull and somber aspect
 Gather in a massed array.
 And from out them rumbles issue,
 Sounding like the roll of drums,
 Drums of hatred, drums of passion,
 Fevered rolls and sudden stops,
 Beating, beating, never ceasing,
 Calling Europe's men to war.
 Yet several incidents give rays of hope . . .
 Over lands where petty leaders
 Rule in constant fear of man,
 Clouds of dull and somber aspect
 Lift, and seem to drift away,
 And from out them voices issue,
 Singing *beauteous*, hopeful hymns.

Hymns of love and hymns of friend-
 ship,
 Soaring voices, peaceful chants,
 Pleading, pleading, soft entreating,
 Turning Europe's men from war.
 But these are quickly dispelled, and am-
 bition brings disaster
 Over lands where petty leaders
 Rule in constant fear of man,
 Clouds of dull and somber aspect
 Settle down and hide the earth.
 Thunder roars and lightning flashes,
 Then comes stillness, save for cries—
 Cries of sorrow, cries of anguish,
 Horrid cries from wounded hearts;
 Bleeding,—bleeding,—never ceasing,—
 Homage to the gods of war.

F. A. Grenier, Jr., '39

FOILED

(Submitted with the sincere hope that O. Henry's ghost does not read literature as light as a bride's cake.)

"—and if you get just two more marks next month, you can leave Latin School for good."

"'Good' is right," thought I; but something, perhaps my Latin School intuition, warned me that to express the idea aloud to my angry father would be adding fuel while the iron was hot, or something of the sort. My father's anger, strangely enough, was caused by the fact that the average number of marks I received per month was greater than the average grade of each of my five subjects.

But I glimpsed a chance to relieve my masters of one of their greatest worries; and I intended to take it, both for their good (as I loved them dearly) and for mine. Thus, as I sauntered airily into school next morning, I was cheerfully whistling, "My bonnie lies over the ocean, my b—"

Then came the interruption I had been eagerly anticipating. "Are you a member of the Glee Club? If you aren't, join at once. Your imitation of a crow with a sore throat ought to be put in its proper place."

I slunk off, too stunned by the insult to speak. While I may have been a trifle flat in places, I knew I was not yet ready for the junk he—; uh, I mean the Glee Club. But I was far from being defeated by any means, and I started to run down the corridor at top speed. On being stopped by a stern-looking master, I felt sure my goal had been reached. Again, however, I was to be disappointed.

"Great sprinting, son; report to the track practice at 2:35 today, and I'll find a place for you on the team. Oh, by the way, don't run up here in the corridors again. You're liable to be marked, you know."

Mumbling about the completeness of my information and knowledge on the

subject of liability of being marked, I again hied myself on to meditate on better methods. This time I felt positive I had a sure-fire plan that would work in spite of the laxity of discipline and the low levels to which Latin School masters had sunk. I'd show them. I'd make them give me my just desserts (and that doesn't mean what Jack Benny advertises, either); I'd—. Even as I ruminated on the possible results of my fiendish scheme, a strange little vox (ahem, that's *Latin*

for 'voice') began to tell me that I should reform. Perhaps, after all, it would be a far, far better thing that I abandon my scheme for getting those two precious marks and try to stay in school. Maybe I could even—

Just then a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder and a saccharine voice said, "Loitering in the corridah? Take two marks!"

M. B. Saldinger, '38

THE YARN OF THE SENIOR CLASS

'Twas in the rooms that round our school
From first to third floor stretch,
That through the door I saw on the floor
A miserable-looking wretch.

His hair was weedy, though slight his beard,
And weedy, though slight, was he;
And I heard him splutter, and finally mutter,
Though barely audibly,

"I sing of arms—and the man—and the man
Who first from the shores of Troy
Came, driven by fate and by Juno's hate—"
Thus spake this wretched boy.

Then he gnashed his teeth and he bit his lip
And he kicked his book about,
Till, thinking that else he would burst into yells,
I hurriedly blurted out,

"O sorry youth! it's little I care
About arms and the fighter of wars
Who, driven by fate and by Juno's hate,
Came first from the Ilia shores.

"But I'd like to know the reason why
You gnash your teeth and swear,
And favor your book with an ugly look,

And pull at your weedy hair."

So he picked himself up and gave me a look
As wild as any I've seen,
And—though more he said of his cares of lead—
Only this did I manage to glean:

"Through five long years my course I steers
Through the pitfalls of this school,
Seein' as how the teachers, till now,
They stuck to the Golden Rule.

"But this year of grace we were forced to write
Five hundred words a week
In English alone," he gave here a moan,
"And what about Latin and Greek?"

"Nor is Physics just what you'd call a snap;
In fact, I find it tough,
Though we've only had pulleys and levers and work
—Of the latter I've sure had enough!"

Then back to his arms and his man he went
"Who first from the shores of Troy,
Driven by fate and by Juno's hate,"
—So I left this hapless boy.

Avrom I. Medalia, '38

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



Mr. Levine, A.M., and a whole list in the Catalogue. Room 301—symbol LV. Graduated Harvard, 1911. M.A. in 1928, from B. U. Also, diplomas from the Sorbonne of Paris, and the Univ. of Grenoble. Entered B. L. S. in 1915. Has travelled in France for several years, but not last year. A wily man, and (or because)? a bachelor. He is head of the French Department.



Mr. Sheehan: A.M. Room 220—symbol—SH. An alumnus of Penn. State

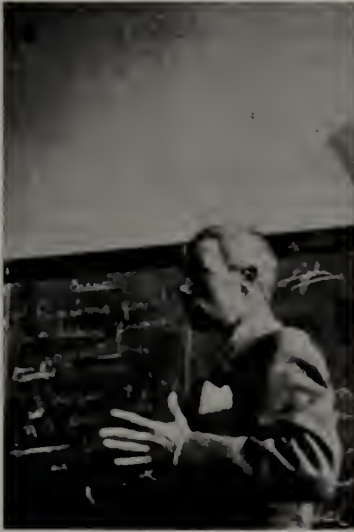
and Clark University, where he was on the Debating Team, he has degrees of A.M. and A.B., respectively. Came to B. L. S. in 1923. Was born in 1878. He is married, has two children. He teaches "English as she is spoke."



Mr. Bowker (left): B.S., Ed.M. Room 334—symbol, BK. Born, 1890. Was on baseball team at Colby College—graduated 1913. Entered B. L. S. 1917, as mathematics instructor. Received Ed.M. in 1928. Married, he has three children, two of them now at college. He is Head of the Mathematics Department.

* * *

Mr. Dunn (right): The Library is his lair—symbol, DN. Graduated from the Library School in 1927, entered B. L. S. in 1928, as Librarian. Was a track man at school. A youngster, born in 1907. Married, he likes fights—at the *Boston Arena only*.



Mr. Scully: A.B. Room 115—symbol, SC. Graduated Harvard, 1919. Came to B. L. S. in 1927. Was born in 1897. Is a World War veteran. He, too, is a bachelor. He teaches French.



Mr. Pike: A.B. Room 302—symbol, PK. Graduated Colby College where he engaged in almost every athletic activity, in 1898. Entered B. L. S. in 1909. Says he was born in 1875, but we, suspecting that he wishes us to think that “age means

wisdom,” are skeptical, for he does not look the years he claims. Married, has four children. Teaches French, and finds time to be known as “*Esquire's* fashion pace-setter.”



Mr. Shea (left): Room 319—symbol, SD. Left the Heights in 1919—Got an A.M. degree in 1920. Came to B. L. S. in 1929. Has travelled from coast to coast, was married last summer, was in the navy, and was born in 1896. He teaches both Chemistry and Physics.

* * *

Mr. Carroll (right): A.M. Room 312—symbol, CR. Graduated Boston College 1925. Received A.M. in 1926. Entered B. L. S. 1927. Was a college track man, and a good one. Has travelled to Europe several times. Married in 19—umph (he won't talk). Instructs in Physics.

* * *

This is the first of a series concerning our masters. Data by Jack Sullivan. Candid camera photographs by Scher.

WOLFSOME HUMOR

— Carved by Hyacinth Hooley —



PEST: "SIR,
HOW CAN
I MAKE
ANTI-
FREEZE?"

IRATE
TEACHER:
"JUST HIDE
HER
WOOLEN
UNDER-
WEAR,
SON!"

"A GEO-
LOGIST
THINKS
NOTHING
OF 1000
YEARS"

"WOW! I
JUST
LENT
A GEO-
LOGIST
5 BUCKS!"



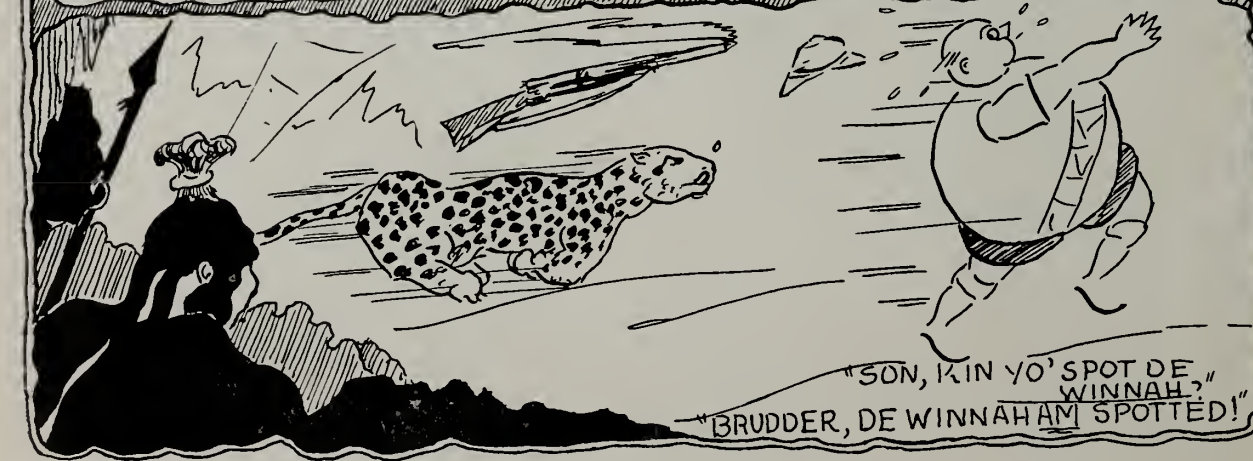
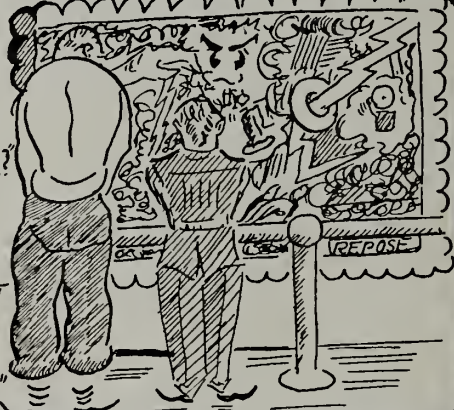
"HE HAS
AN AIR
OF BRAG-
GADOCIO
ABOUT
HIM"

"YEAH, HE
WORKS
IN A
STABLE"

Time

"WHY DID
THEY
HANG
THAT
PICTURE?"

"MAYBE
THEY
COULDN'T
FIND
THE
ARTIST!"



"SON, KIN YO' SPOT DE
WINNAH?"

"BRUDDER, DE WINNAHAM SPOTTED!"

LET'S CALL IT



QUIPS

"Where are the toy electric trains, my man?"

"Third floor, sir, Men's Hobby Department."

(Literary Digest)

Instructor: "You dive extraordinarily well. I suppose you practice a great deal."

Student: "I have to get my lunch every day at the Latin School lunch counter."

Stude: "I think I should receive more credit on this examination. I wrote five pages."

Prof.: "We don't mark papers by their weight."

Chi O.: "The Ancient Greeks often committed suicide."

G.G.: "Them was the days. You can only do it once now."

Slow: "I used to think—"

Fast: "What made you stop?"

"Promise not to print any more jokes about Scotchmen, or I shall cease to borrow your magazine," writes a man from Aberdeen.

"Do you think the debater put enough fire into his speech?"

"Oh, yes. The trouble was, he didn't put enough of his speech into the fire."

(Boy's Life)

Punster: "My barber told me a hair-raising story this morning."

Funster: "Illustrated with cuts, I suppose?"

Disclaimer: "Did you notice how my voice filled the hall?"

Classmate: "I did. Several people left to make room for it."

"Where do jelly-fish get their jelly?"

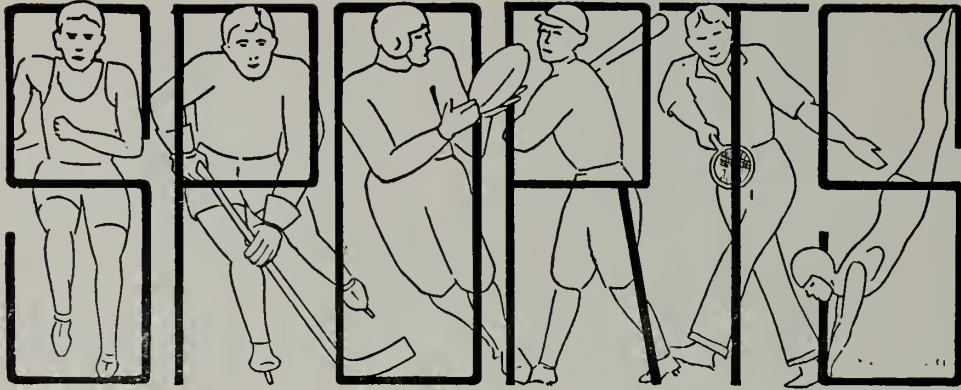
"From ocean currents, I suppose."

"Did you hear that Jones was asked to leave college for cribbing?"

"No, was he?"

"Yes. He was taking a Chinese exam, and when he started to blow his nose, a laundry ticket fell out of the handkerchief."

Said the leader of the cannibal tribe to the ship-wrecked newspaperman, "So you are only an associate editor? Well, don't worry—you will soon be editor in chief."



LATIN 18--MECHANICS 0

Underneath a clear sky, the powerful Latin football team trounced a fighting Mechanics eleven by the score of 18-0. The first Latin score came almost immediately with the echo of the opening whistle. After Latin had kicked to the Mechanics "20," Mechanics ran it back to their "27." Hoar crashed through the opposing line, blocked an attempted kick, Giannini scooped the ball up and lateralled to Lambert, who raced over the goal for a touchdown. The attempted point-after-touchdown failed.

The other two scores were tallied during the second period. Mechanics kicked shortly after the resuming of play to the Latin "36." Latin advanced the ball to their own "41" as a result of a penalty. On the next play, with Walsh back, Crowley got free and gathered in a tremendous heave thrown by Walsh to score the second touchdown. Again the point-after failed.

The final six points were scored by Burke, who carried the ball over on a trick-play (from the Mechanics "6.") As the final score shows, the attempt at conversion was "N.G."

Again the Latin team showed speed whenever there was a loose ball, and several times, through this agility, the team was put in a scoring position. Their running plays were very nicely executed. The kicking in this game was the best of

the year, being well aimed. Much credit is due the ends, who were under the kicks nearly all the time.

The line-up:

l.e. Crowley (Dobbyn, Havey)
 l.t. Hoar (Bulman)
 l.g. Krajewski (Bowen)
 c. Lambert (Moore)
 r.g. Giannini (Jackson, Bowles)
 r.t. Garvey
 r.e. Mulhern (Connolly, Kelty)
 q.b. Walsh (Clement)
 r.h.b. Burke (Higgins)
 l.h.b. Dempsey (Martin)
 f. b. Radley (Monahan)

B. L. S. 38--B. C. H. 0

On Thursday afternoon, November 4, the Latin eleven took to the field and proceeded to give the B. C. High eleven a severe beating. Coach Fitzgerald allowed his regulars a breather by sending in every available man on the squad. Latin displayed a fine running and passing attack, both factors helping to set up scoring positions.

The Latins scored three times in the first quarter and three times in the last.

The first score came early in the first period, when Latin blocked an attempted kick and marched steadily to the B. C. "11." On the next play Latin was thrown for a nine-yard loss. A purple fumble, which we recovered put us on the "15,"

and then, on a beautifully executed Walsh-to-Martin pass, we scored six points.

After the kickoff, B. C. kicked out of danger to our "23." On the next play Crowley took the ball and, side-stepping would-be tacklers, ran 77 yards for a touchdown.

Once again Hoar blocked a kick on the B. C. "30" and, picking up the ball, scored 6 more points.

The next two quarters were very exciting, with Latin protecting her goal in the second and B. C. holding us on her own "2."

In the fourth period, Latin again ran a series of rushes combined with passes to gather three more goals. Clement displayed some fine kicking, both placement and drops, when he got the seventh point on the first and last touchdowns, the former by placement and the latter by drop-kicking.

Those who scored the touchdowns were Martin, Crowley, Hoar, Clement, Dempsey, and Donohue.

The starting line-up was:

- l.e. Burke (Dobbyn, Keltz, McLean)
- l.t. Hoar (Bulman, Tiernan, Cummings)
- l.g. Jackson (Giannini, LaMarche, Bowles)
- c. Lambert (Moore, S. Rowen)
- r.g. Krajewski (Bowen, McCausland, Ward)
- r.t. Garvey (McCarthy, Rose, Lawson)
- r.e. Mulhern (Connolly, Havey, Donahue)
- q.b. Walsh (Clement, E. Rowen)
- r.h.b. Crowley (Higgins, Nedvins, Ramacorti)
- l.h.b. Martin (Dempsey, Gorenstein, Malincowicz)
- f.b. Radley (Monahan, Winkeller)

In a five-word statement, the Coach said: "The boys played pretty well."

B. L. S. 6--DORCHESTER 0

Once again the Latin school football team made another advance to the mythical city championship title by defeating a strong Dorchester team by the close score of 6-0.

Latin's great gaining power lay in its ability to gain from scrimmage. In the first period, Dorchester had possession of the ball only twice. Latin made five first downs in that period. Joe Crowley, who displayed great power, ran the ball over after having rushed the ball to the Dorchester "2" and making it "goal to go."

Dorchester afforded some competition in the second quarter when they threatened Latin on its "5." However, the team held, and before much damage could be done, Latin kicked out of danger, and the period ended.

In the second half Dorchester tightened and withstood the threat of several attempted Latin scores, twice the Dorchester line holding on its own one-yard line. In the third quarter, Latin completed a Crowley-to-Walsh pass, which ended on the Dorchester "3" as Walsh stepped out-of-bounds.

Latin made twelve first downs, eleven of them by rushing, to Dorchester's four. Latin completed one out of five passes to Dorchester's one out of two.

At the conclusion of the game, Coach Fitzgerald made the following statement: "I am very proud of the Latin School football team, and am particularly pleased with Dempsey."

The line-up for Latin School was:

- l.e. Mulhern (Connolly, Donohue)
- l.t. Garvey (Bulman, Krajewski)
- l.g. Jackson (Giannini)
- c. Lambert (Moore)
- r.g. Krajewski (LaMarche, Garvey)
- r.t. Hoar (Ramacorti)
- r.e. Burke (Havey)
- q.b. Walsh
- r.h.b. Martin (Dempsey)
- l.h.b. Crowley (Monahan)
- f.b. Radley (Clement)

B. L. S. 13--COMMERCE 6

The Boston Latin football team retained its title as "Avenue Louis Pasteur Champion" by defeating a fighting High School of Commerce eleven by the score of 13-6 on Nov. 17.

Most of the first quarter of the bitterly-contested game was a kicking duel. In the closing minutes, Commerce started a passing attack which was nipped in the bud when "Eddie" Martin intercepted the first pass thrown and, straight-arming and sidestepping the entire opposing team, raced 75 yards for the first touchdown. "Scalpy" Walsh threw a short pass to "Joe" Mulhern, who, surrounded by the Commerce secondary, made a wonderful catch for the extra point. Score: Latin 7—Commerce 0. A minute later, the quarter ended and the teams changed goals.

Latin had kicked off, and, on the first series of downs, Commerce surprisingly pulled a deceptive play out of the bag which enabled one of her backs to race 80 yards for a touchdown. The attempted place-kick was very neatly blocked by "Lou" Clement. Score: Latin 7—Commerce 6.

For the remainder of the first half, the contest again turned into a kicking duel with no further scoring.

Latin kicked off to begin the second half and Commerce kicked back on the second down. Little "Bob" Dempsey took this kick on the H. S. C. 45-yard line and made a hair-raising, all-by-himself run across the goal line. The try for conversion was futile. Score: Latin 13—Commerce 6.

Latin played a superior game during the last eight minutes. After a series of excellent passes and crashing line-bucks, B. L. S. reached the "1-inch line" and Quarterback Walsh called for Dempsey through the center when Mr. Referee unapologetically intervened and declared that the game was over. Final Score: Latin 13—Commerce 6.

The line-up:

l.e. Mulhern (Donahue)
l.t. Garvey (Ramacorti)
l.g. Jackson (Giannini)
c. Lambert (Moore)
r.g. Krajewski (Bowles)
r.t. Hoar (Bulman)
r.e. Burke (Havey)
q.b. Walsh (Clement)
l.h.b. Dempsey (Higgins)
r.h.b. Martin (Connolly)
f.b. Radley (Monahan)

LATIN 0--ENGLISH 0

Beneath a clear, sunny, cold, autumn sky, the Boston Latin School football team concluded its successful season by playing a fighting English team to a scoreless tie. Except for one or two tense moments, the game was essentially dull and uninteresting. The game was, for the most part, a kicking and rushing duel, with the ball moving between the English "4" and the Latin "24." Were the game scored as is a boxing match, Latin would have won handily on points. For the whole first half and most of the last quarter the ball was advanced deep into English territory. Nevertheless, we were not able to put on that added spurt which so often is lacking for those last few yards. The only English threat came in the third period when, by their steamroller offensive drive, they threatened on the Latin "24." There they lost the ball on downs, and their bid for victory was lost.

Towards the closing moments of the game, Latin threw passes—six, to be exact—all of which were just missed. Even now, no one except those to whom the passes were directed can account for the incompletions.

After the game, Coach Fitzgerald gave this reporter an exclusive statement: "It was just one of those days when nothing seemed to click. We should have won by



Scher

a couple of touchdowns. Dempsey's playing was outstanding. Hoar and Crowley played as well as usual. Radley's kicking was executed very well. We did lack a line-bucker, but the line played swell on the defense. On the whole, we played a swell game, and we'll certainly win next year!"

Those who saw service, and, incidentally, who won their letter, are:

- r.e. Crowley (Kelty, Connolly,
Donahue)
- r.t. Garvey (Bowen, Bulman)
- r.g. Krajewski (Bowles, LaMarche)
- c. Lambert (Moore)
- l.g. Jackson (Giannini)
- l.t. Hoar (Ramacorti, Tiernan)
- l.e. Mulhern (Gorenstein, Dobbyn,
Havey)
- q.b. Walsh (E. Rowen)
- r.h.b. Dempsey (Clement, Burke,
Gorenstein)
- l.h.b. Martin (Monahan, Cummings)
- f.b. Radley (Higgins)

Paul R. Levine

We wish, at this time, to compliment and congratulate those members of the 1937 Latin School football squad who

warned the bench for the greater part of the season.

It is a severe hardship, at Boston Latin, to maintain passing grades in one's studies without giving up every afternoon, for three months, let alone attend daily football practice. Think of how much more severe the hardship is when a boy returns home at six or seven P.M., hungry and weary, with at least three hours' study before him! And yet these boys kept on during the past three months, striving desperately to make the first team. Their names and pictures are never seen on the sport pages of the newspapers. They never receive any of the glory which they deserve, which they have so completely earned.

Fortunately, most of these benchwarmers are in Classes Two and Three; future years may find them on the First or Second Team. But to those members of the graduating class, who have not seen much service during the season, we offer—not so much our sympathy—but our felicitations and thanks for their tireless efforts in producing a championship football team.

Edward R. Browne, '38

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Brodde" Bjorklund and "Danno" Dacey are starring for the Dartmouth frosh. . . . Frank Ryan, Harvard's famed Athletic publicity director and cousin to the sensational sophomore back, Torbert MacDonald, was a 3-letter man at B. L. S. . . . What was "Bucky" Miller running away from at the Mechanics game?? . . . Those pins John Bowen gave out when he was a candidate for president must have made him a lot of friends. Throughout the Mechanics game there was a universal demand for John's appearance. When, in the third period, Charlie "Fitz" put him in at guard, a general shout of approval went up. Such popularity!! (Where were they on election day, John??) . . . Latin played a heads-up game against Mechanics, capitalizing on several breaks. . . . That first touchdown scored by Lambert was a honey. . . . We should have had the point after that touchdown, but the referee blew his whistle when the kick was made instead of waiting until the ball was downed. . . . Wonder if Oscar Rubin has been located as yet?? . . . The tackling was hard against Mechanics, with Mulhern, Dempsey, and Cummings, as well as several others delivering many a bone-crushing wallop. . . . Evidently the team takes stock in the old belief that the best defense against an aerial attack is to rush the passer. The referee even penalized the boys 15 yards for "defensive interference on a forward pass" when several of the team hit Mechanics' passer so hard that his teeth must have rattled. . . . Late in the game, the entire third team was sent in, and, except for penalties, they more than held their own. . . . That Nedvins looks like a comer! . . . The new "spread" formation had Mechanics baffled. . . . English High had a few nice plays of their own. . . . We thank you, Mr. French, for those megaphones. They're a big improvement over the miniature-sized one that "Nick"

McGrath used during the first game. . . . Speaking of "Nick," he must hate being past the age limit. Every game he stands behind our bench and shouts encouraging remarks as well as instructions to the players. We'd like to see you out there in uniform again, "Nick." . . . Oct. 29th. Rain! Rain! Rain!—and then the sun came out. Although the sun turned the day into a fine one, still the field must have been just like one big mud-puddle, so-o-o-o! . . . Oh, well, Trade, maybe it's just as well for you the game was called off. . . . B. C. High will have to suffer, instead, when the gang meets up with them on Nov. 4. . . . The Harvard Freshmen, led by Captain "Red" Tully (you remember Redmond!) has not had a very good season. Lack of really good material seems to be the cause of all their trouble. "Red," "Joe" Kaufman, and "Cliff" Helman, have done their share of the work and done it well. . . . Ouch!! what happened to E. H. S. when they met Groton. Tough luck for Captain Paul Cuddy, for he played a fine game! . . . Great jumpin' Jehosophat!!! Was that Latin-B. C. High affair a football game, or a reproduction of the "Boston Massacre?" What a game! The highlights, of course, were "Joe" Crowley's 78-yard touchdown run, "Wally" Hoar's blocking of two punts, and the latter's 38-yard dash to recover one of these blocked kicks in the end zone for a touchdown. However, the entire line deserves praise for their work on offense and defense; the entire team earned great applause because of its blocking, especially on Crowley's long jaunt. Several of our comparatively unknowns began to click, as well, outstanding of whom was, in the opinion of yours truly, "Danny" Gorenstein, whose deadly straight-arm cleared his way for a couple of fine runs and whose left-handed passing accounted for one of our our last

scores. . . . In the locker room before the game, Charlie "Fitz" was actually trucking. (Wonder what he was doing after the last whistle blew with his team in front by six touchdowns??) . . . There were several Latin School lads whose attentions were not wholly on the game, but were attracted by the Dorchester H. S. cheering section. Who? 'Tis a secret, but a few of them are in Room 334 and still others in Room 306. . . . "Hessian" Gillette was seen at the game and was warmly greeted by several of his ex-classmates who have not been quite so fortunate, academically speaking. . . . Those 38 points were exactly 13 more than the team scored in the other four games to date; namely, against St. Mark's, Groton, Memorial, and Mechanics. . . . Well, the lads did it again! They pinned back the ears of the Commerce team to the tune of 13-6. . . . Time for another play might have given us another touchdown, as the ball rested on the one-foot line following a 40-yard dash by Dempsey and a vain attempt by the same lad to buck the line for the score. . . . Dempsey, by the bye, was the outstanding star on the field, and together with "Ed" Martin, hogged the limelight almost completely. His outstanding feat, of course, was his 35-yard squirm through the entire Commerce team for the second score. The lack of interference made the run even more spectacular. . . . "Shades of "Buddy" MacLaughlin" seemed to be the general saying as Bob tore down that field. . . . "Ted" Krajewski, our graceful little right tackle, came near being terribly embarrassed late in the first quarter when his pants nearly came off. . . . In the second period "Matt" Shanahan's brilliant touch-

down run of 80 yards behind perfect interference, was the highlight. . . . Incidentally, on this particular run, "Jack" Keville of Commerce claims that he took out no less than *four* Latin School lads! . . . During this same quarter, especially, Hoar, Garvey, and Krajewski did a beautiful job of smearing the passer. . . . Who said "Joe" Mulhern was only a defensive end? That catch he made for the point after our first score was a honey! . . . "Jim" Connolly also made a beautiful catch of a pass after a Commerce man had slightly deflected it. . . . On the same afternoon, little Mechanics got their first win of the season and their first over English since 1927 by downing Coach Ohrenberger's boys to the tune of 12-0. . . . What was the matter with "Honest George" Mover at the football rally? . . . The big day at last, and 20,000 customers watch two fine teams lose several scoring opportunities in a scoreless tie. . . . I thought we saw enough ciphers in school without getting them in the football game, as well! . . . It was a hard-fought game, and, despite the score—or lack of one—the goal lines were frequently threatened. . . . "Scalpy" Walsh, with his passing, "Bob" Dempsey with his running, "Wally" Hoar and "Ed" Lambert, with their tackling, "Red" Radley with his punting and running, and "Joe" Crowley with his all-around play, stood out for the Purple and White. . . . Paul Cuddy seemed to be the big noise of the Blue and Blue eleven. . . . The season has been a great success; we have a championship eleven, and we have several of this year's team returning,—So, to the 1937 Latin School football squad, Skole!

E. F. K.



THE FOOTBALL DANCE

Perhaps too many members of the Senior Class were conspicuous by their absence, but nevertheless the annual Football Dance on November 26 was a decided success. The Dance Committee, composed of "Nick" McGrath, George Mover, John MacDonald, and George Lerman did a good piece of work in making all necessary arrangements, and although they encountered many financial worries, each member of the committee (and one or two others) left with enough money to buy lollypops for the whole school. Among the notables present were: Paul Cuddy, captain of the English High football team; "Joe" Kaufman, our last year's star end;

Joseph Levenson, '37; Brodde Bjorklund; "Buddy" McLaughlin; "Jake" Murphy and Peterson, '37, who helped with two vocal numbers. Seven members of the football team, but with only five cigars. It is certain that none of those who attended will miss any of the dances to come, and when those who neglected to attend realize what they missed, they also will resolve not to pass up another such opportunity to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Except for the time when someone "cut in" on "Ed" Rowen, there is no one who did not enjoy every minute of this year's Football Dance.

Allen Scher, '38

THE PURSUIT OF JOKES

When and if you glance through our humor department, you will, no doubt, notice our so-called "jokes," which, we hope, read off both smoothly and evenly. Perhaps, even, you have wondered how we were able to invent those quips (if any) you have not seen before. In order to help you visualize the true story of the pursuit of jokes, we present two scenes from the life of a joke-catcher.

I. AS THE PUBLIC THINKS IT IS

The jokester enters his study, sits down before his fireplace, and lights his pipe. He ponders a while; finally, he opens his mouth (which act causes him to resemble the Delphic Oracle) and proceeds to gush side-splitting witticisms in the direction of his secretary, who, convulsed with laughter, vainly attempts to record them, so swift are the workings of a genius's brain.

II. AS IT REALLY IS

The "jokester" enters his study,

weighed down by a dozen old jokebooks. He drops them heavily, sits down, and opens one. (The gentle reader will be quick to notice the absence of a secretary. The true jokester lives by his wits, and is, therefore, miserably poor.) He begins to trail a joke earnestly. He sees one. He chases it wildly, furiously. Just as he is about to pounce upon it, it eludes him, thumbing its nose. At this point he swears and clutches at his hair. (It is fortunate that he has no secretary, for it would swear back, thinking that it was being cursed at. Besides, we do not care for profanity.) After consuming carton upon carton of cigarettes, and covering paper after paper with long-dead (and still dead) puns, he at last produces the long-awaited brain-child. Rejoicing in his success, he shouts it from the roof-tops, only to be answered by the doleful words, "I don't get it!"

Allen Scher, '38

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and Mr. P. Marson
from the Register Staff

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